

The Ste. Genevieve Fair Play  
Is Published Every Thursday by  
**S. HENRY SMITH, Proprietor.**  
OFFICE ON MERCHANT STREET,  
(South Side)  
**Five Doors West of Public Square.**  
**Terms of Subscription.**  
Invariably in advance.  
One copy, one year.....\$1.50  
Club of ten to same Post-office.....12.50  
Club of twenty to same Post-office.....20.00  
Club rates do not apply to the city  
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# FAIR PLAY.

Politically Independent—Open to all Parties—Controlled by None.

VOL. 1.

STE. GENEVIEVE, THURSDAY, SEPT. 12, 1872.

NO. 15.

## Selected Miscellany.

### THE BRIDE'S STORY.

When I was but a country lass,  
Now fifteen years ago,  
I lived where flows the Overbrook  
Through meadows wide and low;  
There first, when skies were bending blue,  
And blossoms blowing free,  
I saw the rugged little boy,  
Who went to school with me.

His homespun coat was frayed and worn,  
With patches covered over,  
His hat—oh, such a hat as that  
Was never seen before;  
The boys and girls, when first he came,  
And peered the ragged little boy  
Who went to school with me.

His father was a laboring man,  
And mine was highly born,  
Our people held both him and his  
In great contempt and scorn—  
They said I should not stoop to own  
A playmate such as he,  
The bright-eyed, rugged little boy,  
Who went to school with me.

Yet spite of all the sneers around  
From children better dressed,  
My heart went out to meet the heart  
That beat within his breast,  
His look was fond, his voice was low,  
His laugh was merry and free,  
I loved the rugged little boy,  
Who went to school with me.

For years they had forgotten him,  
But when again we met,  
His looks, his voice, his gentle ways  
Remained in memory yet;  
They saw alone the man of mark,  
But I could only see  
The bright-eyed, rugged little boy,  
Who went to school with me.

He had remembered me, it seemed,  
As I remembered him;  
Not time, nor love, in his mind  
The cherished past could dim;  
Young love had grown to older love,  
And so to day you see  
I wed the rugged little boy,  
That went to school with me.

### A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY MYRONA WILLARD.

"Maxie, are you sure that you love  
him well enough to be his wife?"

"Yes, Mettie. I believe my love  
for Edgar is strong and true enough  
to exist beyond the boundaries of  
time, into the life beyond."

And Maxie raised her dark eyes,  
swimming with bright tear-drops, to  
the face of her friend.

"I have no wish, my darling,  
to cloud your prospects; and I cannot  
judge others by myself. Sometime  
I will tell you my life, but now we  
will talk of your prospects. I have  
no doubt that you love Edgar; but I  
have heard a slight rumor that Edgar  
partakes of the wine-cup; and if it  
should be so, you will need to love  
him with a powerful love, to lead him  
in the path of right, lest his feet stray  
in the road to ruin."

"I have heard that Edgar indulges  
in the use of wine sometimes," repli-  
ed Maxie, "and in reply to my ques-  
tions, he assured me that I never  
need worry; that he was strong  
enough to look out for himself; that  
he seldom partook, and then spar-  
ingly."

"I hope and pray, dear Maxie, that  
for your sake he will renounce, enti-  
tly, the company that lead him on."

"Edgar told me the way it hap-  
pened was this:—After he graduated  
from Bowdoin, and went to N. Y. to  
the hospital, he was in company with  
Ned Rodgers; you knew him. He  
was very smart, but he would take  
a glass occasionally. His excuse  
was, that most of the physicians of  
our day did the same; and his influ-  
ence over Edgar was not the best.  
But, now they are separated, I trust  
that Edgar will see, that if he wishes  
to succeed as a physician, he must  
let drinking alone," said Maxie.

Maxie Raymond and Mettie Wilber  
had been friends for several years.  
They had been chums at school, and  
since, Maxie had been teaching, and  
boarding with her friend.

Maxie was an orphan. Her father  
was suddenly killed, being thrown  
from his carriage while on his way  
to his place of business. He had  
been in business for several years, but  
had been unfortunate; and at the  
time of his death, left his feeble wife,  
and only daughter, Maxie, in straight-  
ened circumstances. Mrs. Ray-  
mond's health failed rapidly, and she  
soon sank under the terrible and sud-  
den affliction, and was laid beside her  
husband in Mount Auburn Cemetery.

Maxie was left alone. She had no  
means left for her support but the  
education which her kind parents  
had given her, and which was all that  
she could call her own.

It was about this time that she

formed the acquaintance of Edgar  
Everett, a young physician.

He was a fine-looking man of  
twenty-five—rather above the medi-  
um height. His eyes were deep blue,  
complexion fair, and hair a beautiful  
brown.

He had finished his course, and was  
stopping with a friend in Boston,  
previous to selecting a place in which  
to locate.

On the afternoon that Mr. Ray-  
mond was thrown from his carriage,  
he was passing along M—Street, on  
which Mr. Raymond resided.

He saw them carrying the sense-  
less form of Mr. Raymond into his  
home, and knowing the necessity for  
immediate medical aid, he stepped to  
the door, and proffered his services  
as a medical man.

His kind offer was gladly accepted,  
but it was too late; the spirit of Mr.  
Raymond had passed to the other  
world.

When Dr. Everett left there he  
promised to call again. In the even-  
ing he called with the friend with  
whom he was stopping, who chanced  
to be an intimate friend of Mr. Ray-  
mond's family.

Under the circumstances, he was  
deeply welcome and soon the young  
physician found that it was not only  
from a desire to assist the bereaved and  
suffering widow, that caused him to  
repeat his visits to the home of Mrs.  
Raymond, for he saw reflected in the  
beautiful face of Maxie Raymond, a  
wealth of soul far more precious than  
the beauty of face and form.

He saw with what strength and  
nobleness of soul that she concealed  
her own sorrow, and with what love  
and tenderness she cared for her  
mother, who was so surely passing  
away, to leave her alone. Alone!

Al! it is a cruel word. It was not  
long before Edgar found that he loved  
Maxie Raymond with an earnest, pas-  
sionate love, and that if he refused  
his love, life for him would be one  
dreary space, unilluminated by the  
love of the only woman that could be  
to him a leading star. And when  
Edgar told her of his great love, and  
besought her to be his wife, her an-  
swer was—

"Dear Edgar, my love is yours,  
and I will be faithful to you while  
life remains."

Edgar's reply, as he folded her in  
his arms, was:

"God grant that I may not be un-  
worthy of the great trust that He  
has given me—the love of a pure and  
noble woman."

It was but a short time before they  
stepped by two graves, and the plain  
slabs of marble, with the words, "My  
Father," and "My Mother," marked  
the resting place of Maxie's parents.

It was arranged that Maxie should  
remain awhile with her friend, Mettie  
Wilber, and as soon as Edgar should  
make arrangements for a home, then  
Maxie should go with him.

Mr. Wilber, the father of Maxie's  
friend, Mettie, was a wealthy mer-  
chant of Boston, and resided a few  
miles out of the city; and at the  
earnest solicitations of Mettie, it was  
decided that Maxie should be married  
at their house. Mettie loved Maxie  
as a sister, and it was while stopping  
at her home that the conversation re-  
corded at the commencement of our  
story, took place.

Mr. Wilber insisted on giving  
Maxie an elaborate wedding, saying  
that he had plenty of money, and no  
children but Mettie, and that there  
would be plenty left.

But Maxie replied.

"Many thanks, kind friend, for  
your great generosity, but I think it  
would be more suitable, as Edgar and  
I are both poor and just commencing  
life, to have a plain, simple wedding.  
It would be much more in accordance  
with my feelings; and to Maxie's  
earnest wishes, Mr. Wilber and Met-  
tie reluctantly assented.

It was a beautiful morning in the  
early fall when Maxie received a let-  
ter from Edgar, saying that in one  
week he should be there to claim his  
bride.

Under Mettie's skillful manage-  
ment, Maxie had really an ample  
outfit.

One week later, and Maxie, attired  
in a becoming suit of silver-gray pop-  
lin stood beside Edgar Everett, in the  
spacious parlor of Mr. Wilber, with  
no one save the venerable minister,  
Mr. Wilber and Mettie, to witness,  
and gave her life into the keeping of  
the man she loved.

Edgar had selected a flourishing  
village in Maine for a home, and  
soon they were comfortably settled.

The time passed swiftly and hap-  
pily, and never was a home more  
pleasant than that of Edgar and  
Maxie, the first few months of their  
married life.

One day Edgar came into the room  
where his wife was sitting, exclaim-  
ing:—

"Well, Maxie, I believe I am most  
discouraged. Let's see! we have  
been here some six months, and I  
have not had practice enough to sup-  
port us half decently."

"Oh, well, never mind, dear! We  
know that it always takes a young  
physician some time to get into prac-  
tice, and after you once get fairly  
started, then the people will begin to  
appreciate you;" and the young wife  
smiled fondly and proudly upon her  
husband; and as she stooped to kiss  
him, she noticed his eyes looked  
strangely, and that his cheeks were  
flushed. A terrible feeling of suffo-  
cation swept over her heart, but she  
said nothing, and Edgar, who had  
thrown himself upon the sofa, soon  
sank into a deep slumber.

Time passed on, and they still  
struggled on as best they might.

The terrible conviction was forc-  
ing itself upon Maxie, that Edgar  
was trying to drown his disappoint-  
ment from lack of success, in the  
wine-cup.

Every day in her power did she  
strive to encourage her husband, of-  
ten thinking over her reply to Met-  
tie's question,—"Do you love him  
well enough to be his wife?" and she  
would say to herself,—"God helping  
me, I will be faithful to him through  
life."

Time passed on, and people who  
had begun to like the appearance of  
Edgar, and were intending to employ  
him, when they saw that he was ad-  
dicted to drinking, would shake their  
heads and say—

"I was terribly deceived in that  
young chap; I thought he appeared  
like a smart, promising fellow, and I  
was only waiting for some one else  
to try him; but this drinking business  
will never do. All is, he will have  
to reform or starve, for all the cus-  
tom he will get here."

Maxie had advertised for a class,  
and by giving lessons in music  
and wax-work, they managed to  
keep up a respectable appearance.

But the time drew on apace when  
she was unable to go from house to  
house, to give her music lessons; and  
in the secret of her own room, she  
prayed God to spare her life, that  
she might still be a help to Edgar,  
and, if possible, save him from utter  
ruin.

A few weeks later, and from that  
darkened room rose the feeble wail-  
ing of an infant, and Edgar Everett  
now, for the first time for many weeks  
a thoroughly sobered man, stood by  
the couch of his pale wife and infant  
son.

He approached her side, and bend-  
ing his head low upon his hands,  
great, heavy sobs, like the rushing of  
a mighty wind, bowed the once strong  
man. The inmost fountains of his  
heart were reached, and he wept  
tears of penitence.

Mettie Wilber, who had, in response  
to Maxie's message, "Come to me,  
Mettie, for I need a friend," immedi-  
ately come to her; and entering the  
room just then, she approached the  
weeping man, and laying her hand  
upon his arm, said,

"The doctor cautioned me particu-  
larly against having her excited.  
See! she has fainted."

A long, weary illness succeeded,  
and only by the unwearied care of  
Edgar and Mettie did they keep the  
soul of Maxie from winging its way  
to the spirit-land.

Edgar's conscience was deeply

moved, and the terrible fact was to  
him plain, that if Maxie, his darling  
wife, should die, it would be her  
murder; that the terrible anxiety  
and care which she had suffered on  
his account, would be her death; and  
there, alone with himself and God,  
on his bended knees, in this solemn  
quiet, he vowed that if God would  
spare him the terrible crime of mur-  
dering his darling, the only being he  
loved, he would never again taste the  
soul-destroying cup.

God was merciful, and the life  
of that patient, noble wife was  
spared.

The little one was too frail for  
earth, but its life, though short had  
its mission.

Edgar signed the pledge publicly;  
and the citizens, seeing him deter-  
mined to reform, lent him a  
helping hand.

It was a severe struggle, for the  
habit had wound itself closely into  
his life. But perseverance, at length,  
had its reward.

When his wife was able to leave  
her room for the first time, to join  
them in the parlor, Edgar, placing  
his arm gently around her waist,  
drew her toward the window that  
overlooked the little mound of their  
babe, saying,

"Dearest, I have come very near  
losing both of my treasures, and all  
by my own folly; and God helping  
me, the remainder of your life shall  
never be darkened by wickedness of  
mine."

And well did he keep his word.  
In time, by persistent and unweary  
efforts, prosperity dawned upon them,  
and in happiness did they together  
walk the path of life.

Edgar would often say—

"I owe it all to my faithful wife.  
If she had deserted me in that ter-  
rible folly of mine, to-day we would  
not have been here enjoying life and  
its blessings together," and Maxie,  
laying her hands in his, gently whis-  
pered,

"Do you remember my promise,  
dearest—I will be faithful to you  
while life remains?" And so I trust  
I shall ever be; till we enter the  
dark valley."

### Didn't Give It Up.

One of our citizens is blessed, or  
otherwise, with a very stubborn wife.  
In his case, he finds that when a wo-  
man will, she will, you may depend  
on't, and when she won't, she won't,  
and that's an end on't. This pecu-  
liarity of disposition in his wife is no  
secret among his associates, and one  
of them meeting him the other day,  
asked:

"Well, —, do you know why  
you are like a donkey?"

"Like a donkey?" echoed W—,  
opening his eyes wide. No I don't."

"Do you give it up?"

"I do."

"Because your better half is stub-  
bornness itself."

"That's not bad. Ha! ha! I'll  
give that to my wife when I go home."

"Mrs. W—," he asked, as he sat  
down to supper, "do you know why  
I am like a donkey?"

He waited a moment, expecting  
his wife to give it up, but she didn't;  
she looked at him somewhat commis-  
eratingly as she answered:

"I suppose it's because you were  
born so."

W—has abjured the habit of put-  
ting conundrums to his wife.—*Lue-  
rence (Mass.) American.*

One of three men, while in a drink-  
ing-saloon at Alexandria, Va., de-  
nounced in the lowest terms any man  
who, having fought in the Confed-  
erate service, intended to vote for  
Greeley. A member of company G,  
of the Seventeenth Virginia infantry,  
who happened to be present, heard  
what was said, and hardly had the  
words been uttered ere he demanded  
that they be retracted instantly, or  
that the man who made them pre-  
pare himself for a fight. The first  
horn of the dilemma was immediately  
chosen, and the Washingtonians  
left for their homes on the next boat.

—Er.

Subscribe for the FAIR PLAY.

## The Ste. Genevieve Fair Play.

**Rates of Advertising:**  
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the inch.  
All transient advertising must be  
paid for in advance.  
Yearly advertisements payable quar-  
terly in advance.

## Incidents and Accidents.

A little girl in Van Wert County,  
Ohio, has died from swallowing pins.

John Keys committed suicide, near  
Zanesville, Ohio the other day, by  
purposely eating wild parsnips.

A child of C. Hamilton, near  
Waverly, Ill., was killed recently by  
having the wrong medicine adminis-  
tered to it.

Mrs. Lowe, of Terre Haute, Ind.,  
broke both ankles and one arm by  
jumping from a run away express  
wagon.

A boy near Rome, G., fired into  
some bushes, killing a companion  
who had concealed himself in order  
to frighten some passers-by.

After being lost for three days two  
little girls four years of age were  
found wandering along the river bot-  
tom near Madeline, Minn.

A little son of Mr. Page, living  
near Saginaw City, Mich., was re-  
cently choked to death by a cartridge  
lodging in his throat.

The two-year old son of a Widow  
Thielen, of Minneapolis, Minn., was  
gored to death, the other day, by an  
enraged cow.

A seven-year old daughter of Mrs.  
Hanchen, of Alton, Ill., died of lock-  
jaw the other morning. She ran a  
nail into her foot a week previous.

A woman near Lynville, Ind.,  
died the other day from a shock  
occasioned by the intelligence that her  
son was sentenced to the gallows.

Little Sammy Butler, the two-year-  
old son of Samuel Butler, of Grove  
Lake, Minn., was choked to death  
the other morning with a piece of a  
bean pod.

Two children were recently badly  
poisoned near New London, Wis.,  
from drinking water from a well in  
which a dead toad was afterwards  
found.

A little son of Angus McLeod, of  
Sugar Grove, Ill., fourteen months  
old, fell into a tub of water a few  
days ago, and was drowned.

A young man named John had his  
head split open by a circular saw in  
the town of Jefferson, Wis., the other  
day. Death followed instantaneously.

Patrick Cavanaugh, of Rockbridge,  
Ill., was much terrified about the  
comet. He got up at night to see if  
it was coming, and fell down stairs  
and killed himself.

A little four-year-old boy, named  
Ricker, was torn so fearfully by a  
large savage dog, in Detroit, Mich.,  
the other day, that no hope was en-  
tertained of his recovery.

Alexander McKinney, a boy four-  
teen years old, living with his parents  
in South Rockford, Ill., committed  
suicide by hanging himself a few days  
ago. Fear of chastisement was prob-  
ably the cause.

A can of powder exploded the fifth  
night at Ellettsville, Ind., severely  
injuring five persons, who were firing  
a cannon at the conclusion of a Gre-  
eley and Brown speech. Two of them  
will die.

A young lady in Connecticut was  
scared into convulsion a few days  
since, by sitting down on a sofa  
on which there lay a cane carved to  
represent a serpent, which she mis-  
took for a live snake.

At Redbud, Ill., a circus rhinoceros  
broke loose, killed two men, crippled  
two, did \$3,000 worth of damage to  
property, took a walk down street,  
and was finally captured in a vacant  
house.

During a very hot night recently  
in New York City, Mr. R. A. War-  
ren determined to keep cool, opened  
his third story window, pulled his bed  
up to it, went to sleep, and rolled out  
on the pavement. It killed him.

A moth flew into the ear of an en-  
gineer on an express train, under  
full headway, near Green Castle, Ind.;  
the other day, with such force as to  
set the man crazy. The train had to  
be stopped and surgical aid procured  
to relieve him.

Statistics have been compiled from  
which it appears that, during the first  
four months of 1872, the amount of  
money sought to be raised for new  
loans, banks, and industrial undertak-  
ings, brought